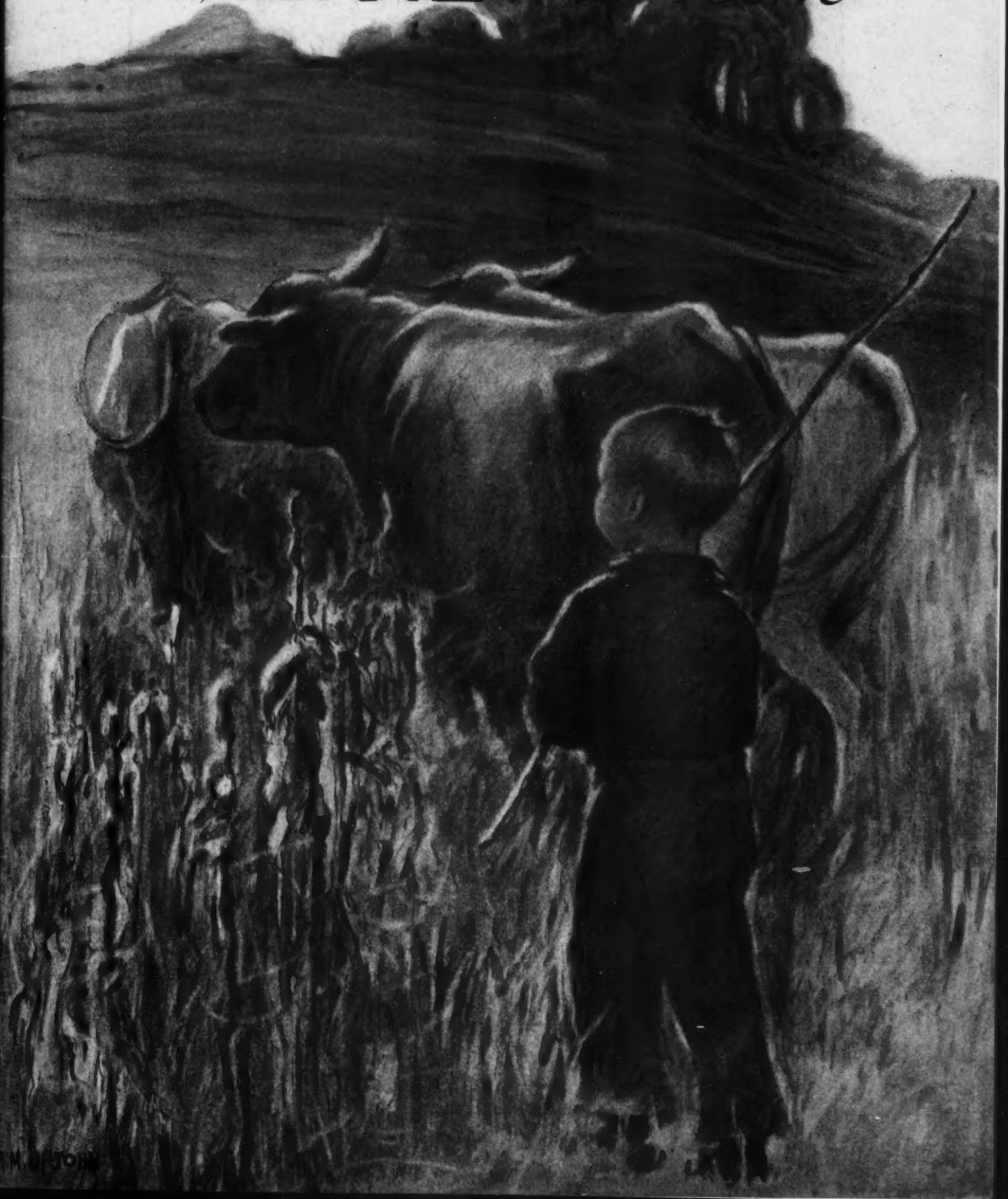


American

JUNIOR RED CROSS

March 1926 NEWS *"I Serve"*





From *Schatten im Groenen*, by H. Pelizaeus and J. Mueller-Liebenwalde. Reproduced from Austrian Junior magazine, April, 1924

March the Madcap

A Fable Told by the G. A. Rayneri School of Turin, Italy

ONCE upon a time there was a good and beautiful queen called Nature, who lived in a wonderful castle. Her life was brightened by the birth of twelve sons. When the sons grew up the king said:

"We must not all remain here. I will build other palaces!"

So for the three eldest sons he built a palace of roses, surrounded by large and fragrant gardens, in Tuscany. For the fourth, fifth and sixth sons he built a palace of poppies and corn flowers in the midst of vast fields of grain. For the seventh, eighth and ninth sons he built a villa all surrounded by vineyards on the shores of the picturesque lake of Como. And for the three remaining sons he constructed a palace of glistening snow amidst the eternal glaciers on Mont Blanc.

Each of these twelve sons reigned once a year, one for twenty-eight or twenty-nine days, and the others for thirty or thirty-one days, and each remembered to a certain degree the good advice given them by their mother, who wished them all to be good and to protect the millions of lives which are in the world. There was one son, however, who was crazy—so crazy, in fact, that he was known as March the Madcap. He succeeded in annoying everybody. One day he gave promise of being good and calm and the next day he went about destroying everything. Sometimes he would caress you and say: "Come with me and enjoy the spring!" And then the next moment he would hurl an icy blast in your face. He was not bad in reality, but it was no good depending on him.

One day he arrived at his mother's castle all smiles. He was dressed in white and had a violet in his button-hole and was carrying a branch of flowering hawthorne

in his hand. He greeted his mother affectionately and told her that in order to give her pleasure he had told all the plants to put forth buds and to burst into flower.

"You will see how I will protect the lives so dear to you, mother dear!" he exclaimed.

His mother replied: "Can I have confidence in you, my madcap son?"

March replied by hugging and kissing his mother and asked forgiveness for all the follies he had committed in the past.

So Queen Nature took her wand made from rays of sunlight and began to re-awaken life in the sleeping clods of earth, in the waves and in the nests, and March, following her around like an obedient son, allowed a gentle breeze to escape from his leathern sack.

In the evening they returned to their palace feeling pleased with their work and Nature said to March:

"You see how beautiful it is to do good?"

But have we not already said that March was a madcap? In the middle of the night a worm hidden in the wainscot went "Cric, cric." This was enough to awaken March, who flew into a rage and let a hurricane escape from his leathern sack, sowing destruction in all directions. A cold wind hissed in the heavens and heavy rain fell, killing fish and fishermen, tearing down nests and dashing the young birds from the trees.

At the peep of dawn Nature came out, saw all the damage and exclaimed:

"Alas! I have been deceived once more."

Voices cried out to her on every hand. She would have liked to have gone to their help, but a blast of icy wind obliged her to remain at home and to draw her chair up to the chimney corner.

Beware of the month of March!

The Teacher's Guide

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The March News in the School

Geography: "Friends from Overseas"—A class may add to the dialogue messages which they have themselves received through school correspondence. The ingenious device of the portfolio is simple but effective.

"Junior Doings Here and There"—These reports of service are vital in strengthening the sense of membership in the great world-wide movement and thus in building the international friendship towards which we strive.

History: "From a Cottage to a Castle"—Czechoslovakian Juniors love and revere the father of their new republic as we all imagine we should have done had we lived in the days of our country's pioneer leaders.

Civics: "Junior Doings"—How many different ways of being good citizens have these Juniors discovered? Have your Juniors been performing services which children in other places would be helped by hearing about?

"When Young Wit Won"—This story of a boy's brave rescue of his little sister was based on a newspaper account of an actual happening. The discussion may be directed to emphasize safety precautions and the foolhardiness of taking chances with inflammables.

Health: "What is May Day?"—May Day activities may serve as a milestone in the Junior year-round program of Fitness for Service.

Nature Study: "March the Madcap"—Pupils might draw the palace which Nature built for each of the months, and also pictures of the months. What does prankish March look like? Can they write stories about his capers? Have they discovered all the delicious gayety in the silhouettes: the baton in the hand of that choral director on the branch, the two frogs engaging in a very modern looking dance, and the pair at the bottom of the page jiggling somewhat more conservatively?

"The Tale of the Mole"—Another delightful myth which American Juniors may share with brothers and sisters across the ocean.

Written Composition: "March the Madcap"—See *Nature Study*.

"The Pigeon Mosque"—Omar had real motivation in learning to write.

"Junior Doings"—These activities will make good plots from which to develop longer stories.

Art: "March the Madcap"—See *Nature Study*.

Music: "Where is My Home" and songs listed in "Friends from Overseas."

Reading and Reporting: "A Trip to Fairyland," "When Young Wit Won," and all the others.

Auditorium: "Friends from Overseas."

A speech on the life and work of President Masaryk followed by the singing of the Czech song.

The story of the play, "Peter Pan," told by a pupil, and the story of the Peter Pan statues told by another pupil.

"The Watercart."

Developing Calendar Activities

Using Flowers for Service

SUGGESTIONS for using flowers for service are given this month under Personal, Community, National, and World Service. Flowers carefully pressed and mounted under transparent celluloid make lovely pages for school correspondence portfolios. Glass, of course, should not be used, for invariably it is broken in the mails.

Juniors will perform another important National Service by using judgment in gathering wild flowers and by protecting those in danger of extermination. The Wild Flower Preservation Society (Headquarters: 3740 Oliver Street, Washington, D. C.) publishes attractive informational material. Teachers organizing a club of 25 or more at 10c per member receive a free set of color pictures of flowers, a year's membership, and a year's subscription to the periodical. Circular No. 6, a list of flowers in danger of extermination, is a useful leaflet.

Imaginary Tour

THE *Journal of Educational Method*, October, 1925, had an intriguing account of a make-believe trip around the world by pupils of the University of California Elementary School. Another entertaining story, "Travels Abroad with a 6th Grade," was reported last spring in *The Normal Instructor and Primary Plans*. Pupils will want to spend some time on their make-believe trip in the countries with which they are in correspondence. Questions about their imaginary travels may be included in portfolios. Who could answer better than children living in these countries? And how about throwing out this hopeful suggestion: "If we should be able to visit you in your home and school for a few days while on our make-believe trip, how should we spend the time and what would you show us or tell us?" Replies should give inside lights on life in other countries.

Some Helpful Materials

Fitness for Service: *Health and Physique of School Children*, Bureau of Education Bulletin, 1925, No. 21, 10c per copy, address Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. This is a summary of the advance made in health measures for children. *The Janitor and the School Child*, Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., New York City. This is a useful discussion of the janitor's part in school hygiene.

Character Education: *Citizenship Through Character Development*. \$1.50 for a year's subscription, address Joseph D. Egan, Harvard School, Charlestown, Mass. These bulletins give invaluable material, in the form of practical accounts of actual experiences in teaching ethics through common school situations.

Better Films: "Motion Picture Score Card," 40c per 100, or \$3.00 per 1,000, Federal Motion Picture Council, 477 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. This card presents specific criteria for judging the merits of films.

Red Cross Disaster Relief

"ONE boy said how much better it would have been if the Juniors had been organized before the storm," writes Miss Ruby Lanier from the Midwestern area devastated by a tornado about a year ago. "Why, there are lots of things that those of us who were not hurt could have done for the injured children!"

Civics classes may be interested in a summary of Red Cross disaster relief for the year July 1, 1924, to June 30, 1925. Aid was given in areas devastated by tornadoes in eight states: Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama, and Kansas. During the same period, relief work begun the preceding year was completed in three other states. Sufferers from mine explosions in Indiana and West Virginia were helped. Relief was given in areas harmed by extensive fire in New York State, by forest fires in California, earthquake in Santa Barbara, California, floods in Georgia, and in 36 minor disasters such as train wrecks or cave-ins. In foreign countries assistance was given sufferers from the China flood, and victims of a hurricane in the Virgin Islands, of a typhoon in the Philippines, and a fire in Porto Rico. Thus varied are the emergencies which the Red Cross is called to meet and thus extensive is its field of service.

Immediate Relief

What kind of assistance is given in these disasters? What kinds of workers are necessary? How quickly can they begin their work? What makes prompt and thorough action possible?

Four things generally required immediately after a disaster are: hospital and nursing care, food, shelter, and clothing. These first needs local Red Cross workers should be organized to meet.

There must be first aid, medical care, often surgical operations, for the wounded. Canteens must be set up to serve food, sometimes to thousands. Warm clothing must be despatched posthaste. The speed with which necessities were sent to the Midwest is typical of situations greater or smaller throughout the world. The Chapters close at hand were on the job with no delay. Within ten hours the Midwestern Branch Office at St. Louis had sent 80 Red Cross nurses to the points of greatest need by train and automobile. The Red Cross First Aid railroad car went from Indianapolis with surgeons and nurses. A neighboring County Chapter rushed an emergency train carrying doctors, nurses, medicines, bandages, food, cots and 2,000 blankets. Not only must the injured be cared for and the homeless clothed and fed, but everything possible must be done to safeguard against epidemics. Water supplies must be controlled, and anti-tetanus vaccine furnished.

To accomplish these ends trained workers are necessary. From the National Headquarters staff and Branch Office, workers who have had experience in many such emergencies are rushed to the scene. From Chapters in nearby and sometimes in distant parts of the country hasten other qualified workers. Among them are not only doctors and nurses, but social workers trained in investigating the needs of families who have undergone loss, and expert accountants who can administer finances without delay and without waste. The organized resources thrown into such crises are the same that at other

times are used in steadily carrying on the regular work of the Red Cross, such as public health nursing and service to veterans.

Money used in such disasters comes from two sources. A sum adequate to begin work at once is appropriated by National Headquarters. The whole expense of administration also is borne by National Headquarters. The second source is that of voluntary contributions from all quarters, every dollar of which is applied directly for relief of sufferers.

Besides these contributions of money, should be mentioned clothing from Emergency Loan closets of Chapters thus equipped. Needless to say, the "old clothes"—unmated shoes, flimsy cast-off party dresses, swallow tail coats, tinsel hair ornaments—which are sometimes sent by well-meaning but unwise sympathizers are worse than useless. The clothing sent from Emergency Loan closets is in some cases new, in many cases remade; but it is substantial, practical, warm, and ready for use.

How may a community be ready to help? An increasing number of Red Cross Chapters maintain an organized disaster relief committee. Such a committee knows what doctors, nurses, and social helpers to turn to and what merchants may be called on for supplies. The maintenance of an Emergency Loan closet provides another opportunity for quick service. The Chapter at once telegraphs the amount of material which it can contribute and receives instructions promptly as to sending it. Knowing how to administer First Aid while waiting for doctors, knowing how to cook, knowing how to care for and comfort little children—all these may be talents in such service.

Building Again

Disaster relief does not end with healing the hurt and feeding the hungry. People must be started at rebuilding homes, growing crops, getting new stocks for their business, and new tools for their trade. Within a few days after the Midwestern cyclone a purchasing committee had placed orders for roofing material for homes and for furniture, and twenty-four hours later the materials had been shipped. In order to clear farms and fields of the wreckage that had been strewn by the wind and to enable the farmers to get their spring planting done, the Red Cross sent motor caravans across the country with expert mechanics and other workmen who cleared the ground, built fences and buildings where they were needed, and saw to it that the essential farm tools, machinery, and stock should be available.

One of the most essential services is that of restoring courage to the sufferers. The play houses which the Junior Red Cross erected and turned over to Midwestern communities with simple tools for making equipment and toys were the means not merely of helping the children to forget for the moment, but of helping them to hope and work again. To quote from Miss Lanier's report: "One boy pleaded that the Lincoln School (of Murphysboro) show the world that they have come back by putting on a good active program. One of the boys insisted that their school show their appreciation to the children of America for what they did for them by being organized and ready to help the children of the next disaster."

Friends from Overseas

A Play Given by the Juniors of Elizabethton, Carter County, Tennessee

Helen Kersey

Curtain opens. Juniors come on stage, talking as they come, and stop near a bench.

JOHNNY: But it's been a very long time since we sent our Junior books to Europe. Why, just think of it! We sent five books—one to Japan, one to Holland, one to Czechoslovakia, one to Poland and one to Italy. And we have not had one single solitary answer!

MARY: Yes, but, Johnny, it has not been very long, really. We sent them just before Christmas. You know they had to go to Washington, then to Paris to be translated before they even reached the schools. After that those boys and girls who received them had



Bulgarian village children

to make a portfolio in answer, and it had to be sent to Paris to be translated, then across the ocean to Washington and on to us. It does seem that it should be coming soon, though.

JOHNNY: I wonder if their books will really tell us anything about their countries. I should like to hear from Poland because my letter was the one taken from our room to go into our Poland portfolio.

(Enter EDNA and LUCY.)

LUCY: Oh, it's come! It's come! It's come! Aren't you excited!

MARY and JOHNNY: What's come?

EDNA: A portfolio! Oh, it is so big!

JOHNNY: Is it from Poland?

EDNA: We cannot tell where it is from, but I hope it is from Italy.

MARY: No! I want to hear from the Netherlands.

(Enter BILL and JACK with portfolio 5 or 6 feet in height made as a frame that will stand up. The back of the portfolio opens like a door. When the children unpack it, they put it in front of the entrance to the stage so that the various children from foreign lands step out when the door is swung open, seeming to come out of the portfolio, though in reality they are coming off stage. Children are dressed to represent the different countries.)

LUCY: Well, here they come with it. I don't care from which country it comes. I'll be glad to see the inside of one from any country.

JOHNNY: Let's open it. Where's your knife, Bill? (BILL's knife cuts cord. All tear off paper.)

JACK: My! It certainly is a big one. The cover is pretty, isn't it? I'm almost afraid to turn the pages.

MARY: Oh look! (Takes card and reads):

DEAR JUNIORS—

This portfolio is from all the countries to which you have written. I hope you will enjoy the one big book from your friends across the seas. Now I shall let the Juniors speak for themselves.

Secretary, Junior Department,
Red Cross Societies.

The first one is from Czechoslovakia. Oh, they are all in here—Italy, the Netherlands, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Japan.

LUCY: Oh! Bill, do hurry and open the book.

BILL: All right, here goes. Don't jump.

(Out come Czechoslovakian boys and girls.)

JUNIORS: Oh! Ah!

Czechoslovakian children sing: "Where Is My Home."*

JACK: Oh, yes. Don't you remember the teacher told us that was the national song of the Czech part of the country and that Slovakia has one, too? She said the people of Czechoslovakia are very musical.

1ST CZECHOSLOVAKIAN BOY: Yes, the music for the Junior World Song was written by one of our Czechoslovakian composers. We love to sing it, knowing that Juniors all over the world are singing it with us.

2ND CZECHOSLOVAKIAN BOY: We wear our native costume. We are very proud of our country, though we have only recently become independent.

GIRL: I am carrying a scarf which all the girls wear as soon as they are married. Each girl must make her own, and each one tries very hard to make hers beautiful.

Boy: We thank the American Juniors who have helped Dr. Bakule with his school in our



A Turkish lady's street dress

*For words and music, see page 130 of this issue.

country. He and some of his pupils visited your country and brought us all messages from American Juniors. We make toys and many other articles from wood in Dr. Bakule's school, and, most important of all, we are being prepared for world citizenship and service.

(They run to side and form in a group there.)

MARY: Oh, turn the pages, Bill, and see what we find from the Netherlands.

(Dutch girls and boys in costume of Volendam, with brushes, mops and cloths, wooden shoes. They do pantomime of cleanliness to a Dutch tune, such as "Prince William of Old Nassau," "Let All with Dutch Blood in Their Veins," "Bergen Op Zoom," or the kindergarten air, "This Is the Way We Wash Our Clothes." Then they take their places at left of book.)

MARY: Well! what do you think of them? I always heard that the Dutch were very, very neat and clean, but these Juniors are whirlwinds of cleanliness.

LUCY: Can't you see how clean they would make their school room. They would have no speck of dust on the desks or floor.

JOHNNY (aside): I'm glad I didn't forget to wash my neck this morning. They surely would have seen it.

(Dutch children laugh merrily.)

DUTCH GIRL: How could we help loving cleanliness with so many lakes and canals all about us? But you must not think we do nothing but go about with scrub brushes!

1ST DUTCH BOY: Or that we go about in puff trousers and clogs.

2ND DUTCH GIRL: We have worn the native costume of one of our islands to show you, but our people follow the fashions just as you do.

2ND DUTCH BOY: We have great fun on our lakes. Many Americans visit them, for there are great yachtings every summer. We swim, too, and many people go sailing for a week in the holidays and sleep in their boats.

1ST DUTCH BOY: In winter our skating matches are a wonderful sight. The whole ice course is lighted and men, women, and children wear masquerade costumes. We sometimes skate to school and when the weather is fine and the skating very good, we go on long ice journeys.

MARY: Oh, yes, and they make big, red cheeses, too. This is almost like a real trip to the Netherlands.

EDNA: Let's see the next page. What is it, Mary?

MARY (looking at note): It is Italy.

(Music—"Italia-Italia," or "Thy Hills, Tyrol." BILL opens book. Out come an Italian shepherd boy, carrying a lamb, two girls with knitting, and an old woman with spinning.)

BOY: I am a shepherd boy from the mountains of northern Italy. We raise many sheep there. This is my pet lamb. On our tiny farm we grow fruits and

grains. They grow even on the sides of the mountains, for we terrace the hillsides and use all the land. We have many people to be fed, and the mountainsides must furnish food for them.

GIRL: In our villages are high walls and long stairs of stone leading to great castles that were built hundreds of years before the white people came to America. In the evening we bring granny out to sit on the steps near the castle. She spins threads out of the wool that has been sheared from Angelo's sheep. We knit the thread into scarfs and stockings for needy families.

(She takes her place beside GRANNY, who is seated with the girls by her and boy at left.)

JACK (to JOHNNY): That's a pretty good lamb, isn't it? I wonder why we don't raise any more sheep here?

EDNA: I thought all Italians were dark!

MARY: No, some of them have Teutonic blood from the invasions of the German tribes about 476. Don't

you remember we had that in a story the other day in school?

EDNA: Oh, yes, of course.

BILL (turns page): Poland!

(Enter four boys in costume. Music plays Polish National Hymn.)

BOY: Now that we have a free country we are very happy and work hard to care for the many, many small boys and girls who have no fathers and mothers. The American Juniors have helped us to keep life and education in this country, and we bring our love to you in this portfolio.

EDNA: Our Christmas boxes were sent to Poland last year. Don't you remember the letters of thanks we received?

(As the pages are turned, out come children dressed

to represent Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, Switzerland, England, Canada, France, Austria, Jugoslavia, and so forth. There can be as many countries represented as there are lands with Junior Red Cross organizations.)

HUNGARIAN BOY: The Junior Red Cross is to the Hungarian children an open window through which the sun shines. This sunlight is reflected out again on the souls of 110,000 Hungarian children who rejoice in doing their bit for others.

RUMANIAN GIRL: Our Junior motto in Rumania is "One for the Other." One of our girls' schools has adopted an orphanage and we give parties to the little inmates. Now we are planning bookbinding work, handkerchief-making and school gardens with which to earn money for our Junior work.

RUMANIAN BOY: And one of our boys' schools gave a play and used the proceeds to buy bricks to help build a new school. We also help to maintain a seaside resort for crippled children near the Black Sea.

BULGARIAN BOY: Bulgaria is in the war-ridden Bal-



"We come from Czechoslovakia and are wearing our native costumes"

kans, but it is a country of beauty and intelligence. Even the children are helping to pay off the war debts. We are also learning how to be healthy at the Red Cross Health Clinic. We Juniors send our magazines to rural schools and run vacation camps for children. We also make clothes for the children of the refugees coming in from Greece.

SWISS GIRL: It was in our republic that the great Red Cross was formed 63 years ago. We children of Switzerland are now passing on the beauty of our country and our ideals to many lands through school correspondence.

ENGLISH GIRL: We have just recently started our magazine in England. It is called the *Junior Red Cross Journal*. We carry on health work, libraries and school correspondence, and we are glad to remember the orphan children of our soldiers.

LUCY: Oh, there's Canada. They never boast about it, but it was the Canadians who started the worldwide Junior Red Cross, back in 1917.

CANADIAN GIRL: The Canadian Juniors now have charge of all health work in our schools. We have a fund for crippled children and we say:

No child shall be weary, forlorn, or sad,
The lame shall walk, the unhappy be glad;
We'll help them all with a joyful hand
From the Fund of the Red Cross Juniors!
And so whenever we hear the call—
Be the task great, or be it small,
With one consent we answer—all: I SERVE!

FRENCH GIRL: We shall never forget the American Juniors for the beautiful things you did for us after the war. The thousands of tables and chairs you sent over from your manual training classes helped many of our families. We are keeping up our playgrounds, which you started, and we are now carrying on school correspondence with many lands, and have started our Junior magazine.

AUSTRIAN BOY: The Austrian Junior Red Cross is supporting itself. We have 133,000 members. We are making friends through correspondence with the United States, Canada, Brazil, Japan, New Zealand, Belgium, Rumania, and Jugo-Slavia.

JUGO-SLAVIAN BOY: There are five old countries in Jugo-Slavia. I am from old Serbia, a freedom-loving country. Our Juniors support manual training classes.

GIRL: And I am from Dalmatia. We help backward pupils as part of our Junior Red Cross work.

LATVIAN GIRL: We are a Baltic country. We love to go on excursions from our schools, to wade in the streams, gather flowers and study insects. After lunch our teacher tells us the history of sea and river and we take home fossils to tell about in the evening.

BOY: We are grateful to the Juniors of Riga for their help in furnishing food for the undernourished children of rural areas, so they could go to school.

ALASKAN BOY: In our school 36 children paid for



R.A. UPTON

They are not balls this Dutch boy has, but Edam cheeses

their magazine in bits of seal and reindeer fur, a walrus tooth, and ivory beads, sinew and whalebone, which are the same as money in St. Lawrence Island, Alaska, where we live. Each one of us contributed something to make the 50 cents for a year's subscription to the News.

(Indian group enters and dances.)

MARY: Oh, Japan at last! I wonder what they will show?

(Japanese girls make Oriental bow, rise, stand with fans in hands.)

JAPANESE GIRL: We joined the world family of Junior Red Cross only last year. We are now writing letters to American Juniors and we know that you are friends. The children of California, Oregon, and Washington sent gifts to us after the earthquake that partly destroyed our beautiful cities, Tokyo and Yokohama. We thank you for them. We are glad to join the Junior circle that reaches around the world.

(All form a circle and join hands, singing the Junior World Song. During this song, the Red Cross banner is lowered over their heads, then the whole audience stands and joins in singing and the American flag descends over their heads during the last line of the song.)

The Cedar

AT the foot of Lebanon, among shrubs and bushes, a cedar grew. When he was small the plants thought he was one of their families, caressed him, and willingly shared with him sunshine and rain. But the young cedar became taller and taller and grew straight toward the sky. Then the shrubs enviously grumbled: "What is coming into his mind? He wants to rise higher than we are!"

But higher and higher grew the cedar toward the sky, opening his strong arms. And the sunshine kissed him before all the other plants, and the evening wind shook his top so that his delicate odor was spread away down to the sea, while the straight head looked far, far away. At his feet the thorn-bush raged angrily: "Nice gratitude after we have shared sunshine and rain with him! Beware, you proud one!" But the cedar was silent, shaking his top as if he heard vague words of the wind.

One day from the sea came some men with axes and ropes, and stopped at the foot of the cedar. "Here you are," the shrubs happily said. "Here you are with the just punishment for so much pride!"

The cedar, stricken many times, yielded, wavered, and crashed down, crushing all the surrounding plants in its fall. But: "Straight you shall be!" promised the hissing voice of the wind.

And the men transported the cedar down to the sea and raised it as a mast for the ship of the king. Wonderful and splendid it stood, decorated with white sails, intoxicated by the sea winds. The migrating birds rested from their long and tiring flights on its top, and the sun rising from the infinite sea, still kissed it before all the rest.—(Reprinted from the *Rumanian Junior Red Cross Magazine*, June, 1923.)

A Trip to Fairyland

Margaret B. Cross

SUSY had come from New York with her mother to visit her far-off English cousins, and she and Marigold were not getting on very well together. But that was the fault of the grown-ups. Susy's mother said:

"Do, for goodness sake, Susy, remember English children are very well brought up and Cousin Elizabeth is just too particular."

And Marigold's mother said:

"Now, don't forget, darling, Susy is a stranger and she may not be used to our English ways. You must try to make her feel at home."

And Susy said, "I shall just hate her."

And Marigold said nothing, but she thought, "Oh bother!" So the children were very polite, and stiff, and shy, till Miss Adair, that was Marigold's governess, took them into Fairyland. She didn't say it was Fairyland.

They saw a beautiful old house half hidden among the trees.

"That is Kensington Palace, where Queen Victoria lived when she was a little girl," said Miss Adair.

"She had an awfully strict governess," said Marigold, "but she must have been rather nice; she helped her to dress dolls. There are lots and lots of them in the London Museum."

She frisked a few steps like a pony let loose. Then she said, still a little shyly, but beginning to be friendly, "Susy, would you like to see something?"

They ran round the corner and found themselves in a green tunnel of pleached limes.

"Shut your eyes!" said Marigold.

Susy shut her eyes and Marigold led her along for a few steps and then she cried "Look!"

Susy looked; and there was a round peep-hole cut in



Photo Henry T. Ferrier, London

The children ran on by the Round Pond, hunting for the music Susy had heard. Then all of a sudden she cried out, "Why, there he is! it's Peter Pan!"

She called it Kensington Gardens, but—well, you'll see.

They turned out of the noise and bustle of the road that runs east and west out of London and is always crowded with traffic, into the Broad Walk, where children play all day in a park that was once the gardens of a palace.

As they went in a gaudy green and red bird flew out of the elm trees.

"Say!" cried Susy, "it's a parrot!"

"Oh," said Marigold calmly, "they often come and live here when they fly away and get lost."

the green leafy tunnel, and beyond was the loveliest, loveliest, little garden, with grass walks like green velvet and formal flower beds full of the most wonderful gay flowers, and a pool with water lilies and with birds splashing in the water. Such a puff of sweet air blew from the garden over the heliotrope and mignonne that Susy opened her mouth like a little fish to take it in.

"Oh, isn't it cunning!" said Susy.

"We call it the Dutch garden," said Marigold.

There were peep-holes on every side of the wall of

trees that ran all round the garden and the children raced from one to the other. They had quite forgotten they were strangers!

"Hush!" said Susy, "someone's calling! No, it's not calling, it's music. Hush, can't you hear?"

Marigold nodded and her eyes shone.

"You often hear it here," she whispered. "Come!"

The children were holding hands as they ran out of the garden. No doubt Miss Adair followed them, but they did not notice her, which shows that she was just the right kind of governess. They ran by the Round Pond. They had to stop there a minute to watch the boats. All round the pond children were sailing boats, all sorts of boats, cheap little things with one sail—indeed, one was no more than a bit of wood with a match for a mast; and

splendid model yachts complete to the last block. Some of the people who were sailing boats looked like grown-ups, in fact, quite like elderly gentlemen, but Susy could see that even the oldest had a bit of a boy's heart under his waistcoat. (You remember what I told you about Kensington Gardens? Well, you see, it's true!)

The children ran on and the music that Susy had heard in the Dutch Garden, the soft wandering music of a shepherd's pipe, sounded along the misty avenues of old elms that stretched away from the Round Pond like the sticks of a fan.

"Oh, do let's find him," said Susy, though she did not know who it was she expected to see. And then all of a sudden she cried out, "Why, there he is! It's Peter Pan!"

Peter Pan was standing on an old tree trunk in a little dell and all round the tree trunk, like a lovely wreath or like the foam of a breaking wave, were slender, fairy ladies with delicate wings and sweet faces, and all about the roots of the tree were gentle beasts, bunny-rabbits and little mice and doves and small birds, and Peter Pan stood on top, just stepping out and blew on his pipe the soft, clear call to all the children in the world that had brought Susy and Marigold running to find him.

A narrow pathway went round the tree where he stood, in the middle of the little green dell. At least it looked like a pathway, but Susy soon saw that it must be a magic circle, because the faces of all the people who came there—and there were a great many—



Photo Henry T. Ferrier, London

Peter Pan was standing on an old tree trunk, and all round the tree trunk were slender, fairy, ladies with delicate wings and sweet faces; and all about the roots of the tree were gentle beasts—bunny-rabbits and little mice and doves

changed and all began to look alike. A kind look came into their eyes and they smiled. The children laughed outright and stroked the bunnies and tried to pick up the little mice and the old snail, and they kissed the tiny birds and one bold lad with bare feet and ragged breeches—he was really a very naughty boy and it's a good thing the Park Keeper did not catch him—actually climbed up till he stood almost level with Peter Pan, and he looked up with his bright, cheeky face and said "Hullo! you Boy," just as if he had met a great friend.

Susy and Marigold stayed there ever so long and people kept coming all the time, all sorts of people, rich and poor, big and little, but especially little.

While they were there a poor mother came along with two small children. They

looked as if a holiday at the seashore would have done their pale little faces good. As soon as they saw Peter Pan, they gave little shrieks of delight and came running up to him and one of them held up her arms as if she wanted to reach him and the very wee one, who was stroking the rabbits, looked up at Susy and said:

"Goo, ain't it nice?" And Susy nodded and said, "Just lovely!"

"They do love it, don't they?" said Miss Adair to the poor mother.

"Wonderful, I call it," said the poor mother. "They'll come miles to see him!" And she and Miss Adair smiled at each other, as if they, too, were friends.

People kept on coming all the time.

"Every day, they come," said Marigold, "always and always lots of people."

"I suppose everybody loves Peter Pan," said Susy.

"Doesn't it make you feel just good, Marigold?"

Marigold danced up and down.

"Come along, Susy, let's have a race," she said. She felt so happy she really must do something.

Somebody must have been looking on unseen—you never can tell who is about in Kensington Gardens—for as the little girls ran off laughing together, a voice called to Peter Pan out of the hawthorne bush. "One touch of Nature," said the voice—and it sounded as if the speaker were smiling—"one touch of Nature, little Brother, makes the whole world kin!"

All day the old Turk sat in the court of the Pigeon Mosque, writing for those who did not know how

Omar watched the old man enviously while Fatima played happily, feeding the pigeons in the court

"IF I could write like that," thought Omar enviously, "I'd send a letter to my brother in America telling him how I went out on the Bosphorus in a boat and caught seven fish."

He was watching the old Turk in spectacles who sat all day in the court of the Pigeon Mosque in Constantinople, writing for those who did not know how. Omar had been to school and, sitting on straw mats with the other boys, weaving his body to and fro as they recited in unison, had learned parts of the Koran by heart. But he had never learned to write. If the fat merchant who was dictating to the Scribe could not write his own letters, why should Omar? And if every one could write, how would the old man earn his living?

Fatima, Omar's sister, did not worry about such things. None of the girls whom she knew ever went to school.

She sat feeding the pigeons, glad of every day before her mother made her hang a thick black veil across her face when she went for water.

But the big brother who had gone to Chicago wrote home that there all the children could read and write, even the little ones. He was shocked at Omar's ignorance. That was why Omar hung about the old Turk every day watching him make the quick little marks which meant words.

When the merchant in the red fez had paid his money and gone, Omar ventured forward timidly.

"I think I could make those letters," he said, "but I don't know what they mean."

"Boy," answered the Turk, "you must not come here to pick up crumbs like the pigeons. If you wish to learn I will teach you, but you must work."

After that every day for months Omar might have been seen sitting on the step at the feet of the Scribe, laboriously penning quirls and dots and dashes and learning to form them into words. Gradually he came to know the meaning of the texts written in white and gold on the green and blue tiles of the mosque and to love the place as he never had before.



The Pigeon Mosque

Anna Milo Upjohn

It was a pleasant school, under the sky. In the center was a beautiful fountain, its tiled roof resting on white columns. The doors of the mosque were of dull green bronze and its walls were a blend of ivory and apricot tinted marbles with rich tiles let into them. Beyond the gateway of the court a white minaret shot toward the turquoise sky and an old plane tree covered with button balls harbored hundreds of doves, which drifted down to the court in search of food.

The mosque had a quaint story, too. The Sultan Bajesid, who built it to be buried in, was a stingy man, and though he wished the mosque to be very beautiful, the money gave out long before it was finished. So the people of Constantinople were asked to contribute. One poor widow who had nothing to give but a pair of doves brought these as her offering.

The Sultan was pleased and ordered the birds to be left in the court as an example of generosity. That was 400 years ago, and now the gray pigeons, descendants of the original pair, hover in clouds about the mosque and give it its name. But if the old Sultan was a miser he was no coward. In token of this, when he was at last buried in his mosque, his people placed a brick under his arm. It was made from the dust shaken from the Sultan's garments and showed that he had been no slacker, but had fought in the dust of battle.

When Omar was not learning these things from the old Turk he was studying the signs on the shops and the numbers on the street cars. He had no paper or books, but he copied letters and figures on to bits of brick and plaster and worked hard. He found smooth white stones on the beach where his caique, or row boat, was moored and where the blue Bosphorus laps the foot of an ancient tower built by the first Christian Emperor, Constantine the Great. This spot became his favorite class-room and before many months he could write his brother in Chicago: "I have begun. See what I can do! I do not mean to let the American boys get ahead of me!"



When Young Wit Won

Everett McNeil

Illustrations by Emily Randolph Strother

PAUL and Julia were playing in the living-room of the big, lonely farmhouse, when their mother hurried in from the kitchen.

"I'm all out of sugar and I'm going over to Mrs. Dean's to borrow some. I'd send you, Paul, but I want to see Mrs. Dean about the church sociable next week. I'll be right back."

She paused at the door and glanced back at Paul who sat beside the big table near the center of the room, eagerly looking through an illustrated magazine.

"If you have time while I'm gone, Sonny, you might look at the latch on this door and see whether you think you're clever enough to mend it. It locked itself again yesterday. One of these days somebody will be locked in here when there's no one around to let him out and have to wait a while."

Four-year-old Julia clapped her hands gleefully at this. "Just like being in jail," she laughed. Then she went back to her little rocker in front of the old-fashioned fireplace which extended nearly across the room. Gathering her best-beloved doll, Annabelle, into her arms, she began rocking back and forth and humming a little song. It seemed a pleasant place to sit and rock her baby, although there was on the hearth only a pile of unlighted old paper and other rubbish that their mother had thrown in, ready to burn later. Their mother, smiling at the scene, closed the kitchen door after her and hurried on her way.

The opening of the outside door drew a draft through from the open window, and the door between the kitchen and living-room slammed shut. Paul, startled by the bang, jumped up.

"Mother didn't really believe I could mend that lock," he said, "but I had asked her to let me try. I'll just surprise her and have it all finished by the time she gets back."

When he turned the knob, however, the door refused to open. The latch on the other side had played its mischievous trick and locked them in. Paul gave the door an impatient shake, but Julia, who was watching with dancing eyes, exclaimed, "Oh, it's lots of fun, Paul! We'll make believe we're in jail, you and me and our child."

Paul grunted with disgust, partly because he could not carry out his surprise for their mother and partly because he was not going to have Julia's doll called his child. At any rate he was glad that the little girl was making their predicament into a game instead of crying. It was not so hard to imagine that the room was a jail. It was a one-story extension built off the kitchen with no door except that between the two rooms. Its windows were protected by strong iron bars placed there during a recent burglar scare. The only thing that would open in the room, since the door was locked, was a trap door in the center of the ceiling which led into a dusty, unfinished garret.

Having tried the door once more, Paul went back to his magazine, for, after all, there was nothing to be gained by rattling the knob around, and mother would soon return. Julia, annoyed by his grunt, was rocking her "child" again, offering no more suggestions. Presently she began undressing Annabelle. But after the shoes and stockings were removed, a worried look came into the little mother's face, as her eyes rested on the bare legs and feet that stuck out straight and stiff in front of the doll.

"Is your 'ittle tootsie-ooties cold?" and she bent anxiously over the china legs. "Shall mamma light a fire and make your 'ittle tootsie-ooties warm?"

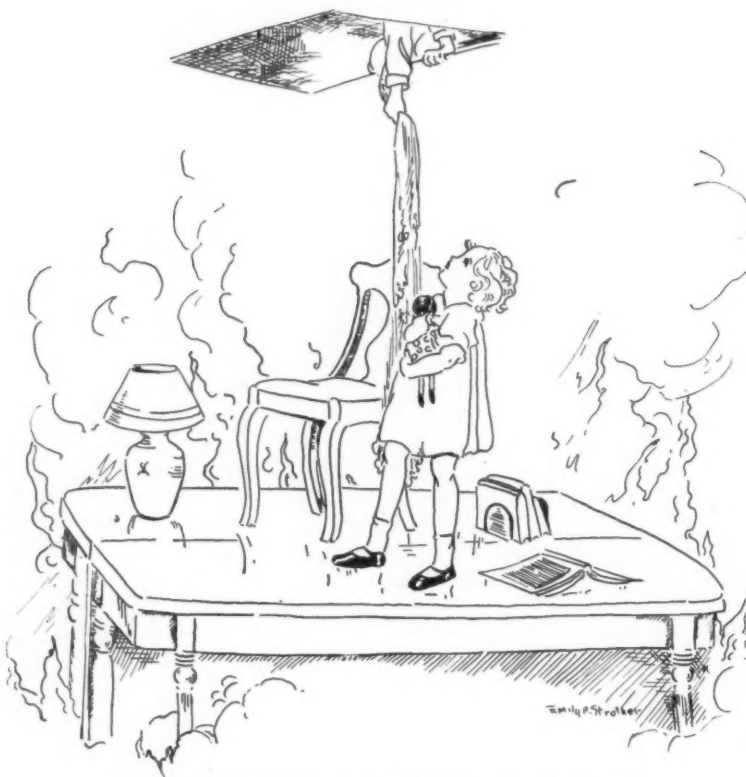
Her eyes went straight to the fireplace, with its pile of waste paper ready for the match.

"I could light that fire. I have seen mother do it lots of times. I think mother wants that old paper burned up." She spoke softly, slowly, as if she were thinking very hard, keeping her eyes on the tempting pile of papers in the fireplace. "I know I could light that fire and mother would be glad to have those old papers burned up, and Annabelle could get her little footsies warm." She placed a hand on the doll's cold china feet. "My, they're just like ice!" A determined look came to her face. "Now sit right here and be good as pie, and mamma'll soon have a ro-o-o-aring fire," and she jumped from her chair and set Annabelle down in it.

She glanced swiftly around the room and her face lighted as she spied a box of matches on the mantel near the clock. She pulled a chair up to the mantel, climbed up, and filled a chubby fist with matches. She was keeping



Julia gathered Annabelle into her arms and began rocking back and forth, humming a little song.



"Quick! Quick! Catch hold of the curtain!" Paul cried. But to do so, Julia would have to drop Annabelle and, even in her deadly peril, she would not do that. She lifted her face piteously to Paul.

one eye on Paul. Sometimes when they were left alone he "bossed" her, and told her not to do things. He would not understand how cold Annabelle's feet were. Paul, however, had found an illustration of a thrilling Indian fight, and had neither eyes nor ears for his little sister.

"I saw Mamie's mother pour a little kerosene out of a can on the paper, and make a match burn, and touch the paper where it was wet," she remarked to Annabelle. Mamie's mother was their tenant's wife. "Goodness me, what a fine blaze we will have!" Julia exclaimed, and tiptoed to a large wood closet beside the fireplace. In a moment she came out with the can in her hand, glancing at Paul once more, for he might remind her that both the matches and the can were forbidden.

Hurrying to the fireplace she raised the bottom of the can with the hand that held the matches, and poured its contents generously over the paper, just as she had seen Mamie's mother do, and then set the can on the floor a little to one side of where she stood.

"Don't be frightened, darling," she reassured the watching Annabelle. "See mamma make a pretty fire. Mamma won't let it hurt Annabelle."

Striking the match, she touched it to the paper at the place "where it was wet."

A sheet of flame flashed in front of Julia's face, so close that it almost set her hair on fire. With a startled

cry she jumped backward. One of her feet hit the can and overturned it. The kerosene poured out of the can and spread swiftly over the hearth and into the rag carpet that covered the floor of the room. In another instant the oil from the can had caught fire, and the next moment a sheet of flame leaped upward from the floor.

Julia caught up Annabelle and stood screaming and dancing up and down in front of the fire, too frightened to know what she was doing.

Paul tumbled out of his chair to his feet, gave one frightened look at the leaping flames and sprang for the only door, panic-stricken, without a thought of Julia and her danger. He was only ten years old! As his hand touched the door knob, the screams of his helpless little sister reached his fear-numbed ears. For an instant he stood staring blankly at her, as if he could not understand how she came to be there. Then came the sudden realization of her deadly peril, and with it the thought that she was his sister and he must save her.

He sprang to where she stood, frantic with fear, and, seizing hold of her, half carried her to the door.

But the door was locked!

Frantically he caught hold of the knob and shook it with all his little strength. The lock held!

He looked desperately around for some way of escape. The windows were strongly barred. No hope there. A panic-fear again began to shake him.

At that moment his eyes, in their desperation, turned to the ceiling. He saw the trap door, and remembered that in one end of the garret above was an unbarred window. If they could reach it, they might lower themselves through it to the ground below and escape.

But the ladder to the trap door was in the kitchen and the door locked!

The flames had now crept half way across the floor. The heat was almost unbearable. It would soon be too late to escape. He must think fast.

And he did think, think fast and act fast!

Almost in one jump he sprang to the window, yanked down the heavy net curtains, tied the two of them, end to end, leaped back to Julia, caught her up in his arms, ran to the big table, which, fortunately, stood directly under the trap door in the ceiling, threw her on top of the table, jumped up after her, seized hold of the chair he had been sitting in, jerked it up on the table, leaped up on top of it and pushed violently upward, with both hands extended as high as

they could reach. His hands hit the unfastened trap-door and sent it flying from its place. He caught one end of the curtain-rope in his teeth, gripped hold of one side of the frame of the trap-door with his hands, and, almost with the same motion, jerked himself up into the garret.

"Quick! Quick! Catch hold of the curtain!" he yelled, bending down over the opening and throwing one end of the curtain down in front of Julia.

But Julia would have to drop Annabelle, if she caught hold of the curtain with her two hands; and, even in her deadly peril, her brave little mother heart would not permit her to do that. She lifted her face piteously to Paul and held up Annabelle imploringly.

The flames in the room below now almost reached the ceiling. The smoke was suffocating, blinding. The heat blistered the skin. It looked like certain death to delay much longer. But Paul did not hesitate an instant. Quick as a cat he swung himself down on the table by the side of Julia, and, with hands and fingers that worked as if run by lightning, he tied one end of the curtain-rope around her body under her arms, caught the other end in his teeth, sprang to the top of the chair, and, again seizing hold of the side of the opening with his two hands, pulled himself up into the garret.

In another moment he had jerked Julia, Annabelle hugged tightly to her bosom, up through the opening.

The floor of the garret was now smoking and little jets of flame were shooting up between the cracks.

Without pausing an instant, Paul caught Julia up in his arms and rushed to the window. In another moment he had thrown the window open, thrust her through it and lowered her to the ground by means of the curtain-rope. Then, without waiting to fasten his end of the curtain to something in the garret and

climb down it, he swung himself out of the window, hung for an instant to the window-sill with his hands and dropped. The distance to the ground was not great and he landed unharmed by the side of his sister.

The next moment the two children, unhurt by the fire, were running, hand in hand, as swiftly as their little legs could carry them for the home of Mrs. Dean, screaming at the top of their voices. Their terrified mother met them half way there.

Fortunately their father, who was on his way home to dinner, now heard their cries; and he and the hired man, with the help of the neighbors, were able to confine the fire to the small extension where it had begun.

Paul's father, when Paul had told his story, looked down on his son in silence for a moment, overcome by his emotions, then his arms went around the lad.

"You have made me very happy, my son," he said, "because you thought of your sister's danger as well as of your own, and were able to think of and do the right thing for both, even when in deadly peril. That is what true bravery is. Now, mother," and he turned to his wife, "I think it will be wise hereafter to keep matches and kerosene where mischievous little fingers cannot get at them."

Little Julia, her cheeks very red, took hold of his coat with both hands. "No, daddy," she said earnestly, "Mamma won't have to."

Mrs. Davis caught her little daughter up in her arms, and her husband bent and kissed them both. The next minute they were all laughing together, for Julia suddenly lifted her finger at Annabelle and said severely, "I hope you'll remember after this, Annabelle, never to touch the matches or the can. If Paul hadn't carried you outdoors, you'd have been burned up!"

The Water Cart*

Doris Canham

Illustration by Catherine Lewis

WHEN I grow up I mean to start
In business with a water cart,
And carry along the dusty way
A great big fan of silver spray;
To listen all day to the splashing sound
And sniff the smell of the moistened ground.

The children tumbling out of school,
Will dip their legs in the fountain cool,
And shout and squeal and hoot with glee,
And leave their marbles to follow me;
And I'll take it all in very good part
When I'm a man with a water cart.

And if there's a boy there, merry and bold,
I'll give him the horses' reins to hold,
Or let him sit and dabble his feet,
Or share the things I've brought to eat—
Some tea in a can and a raspberry tart—
When I'm a man with a water cart.



* Reprinted from *The Red Cross Junior* (Canada).

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

Published Monthly, September to May, inclusive, by AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS, Washington, D. C. Copyright, 1926, by the American National Red Cross.
Subscription rate 50 cents a year, exclusive of June, July, and August; single copies, 10 cents. School subscriptions should be forwarded to the local Red Cross Chapter School Committee; if chapter address is unknown, send subscriptions to Branch Office, or to National Headquarters, American Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C. All subscriptions for individuals should be sent to American Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C.

VOL. 7

MARCH, 1926

No. 7

National Officers of the American Red Cross

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*I emphasize fraternity—the brotherhood
of all peoples and nations, of humanity*

—Thomas Masaryk

THE COMING OF THE SWALLOWS

THE following is taken from *Laboremus*, the magazine edited, printed and published by the boys of the Vocational School at Tirana, Albania:

The 25th of March, the first day of Ramazan was a free day. In the afternoon we went to the field to play. After an hour of play, we heard familiar and welcome voices. With joyful surprise we saw two swallows. We were so glad to see them that we stopped the game. They flew three times around the field, swooped down into a nearby brook and disappeared from view. We began playing again. Ten minutes afterwards we saw a flock of them. The air was filled with a flood of their cheery notes. The following day we saw some of them on the telephone wires and others searching for their old dwellings.

We have a custom of tying a white and red thread around our wrists on the first day of March. When the swallows come we untie the threads and hang them on a plum tree in order that the birds may get them and build them into their nests, and so bring us health for the year.

Ramazan is the month of self-denial, which the Mohammedans observe much as some of the Christians observe Lent.

THE PETER PAN STORY

LAST summer when Mr. Dunn was in London he had tea with Miss Margaret Cross, the editor of the British *Junior Red Cross Journal*. Afterwards they walked in Kensington Gardens and watched the children sailing their boats on the Round Pond and playing around Peter Pan. The littlest ones would come up and "love" the bunnies and animals at the foot of the statue—in fact, so many children have stroked them that they begin to show signs of wear.

Mr. Dunn asked Miss Cross if she would not write a story about Peter Pan for the NEWS, and this she was so very good as to do for us. She also had the photographs taken specially for the NEWS.

The statue in Kensington Gardens was made by Sir George Frampton, the English sculptor. After the World War he gave one exactly like it to the city of Brussels as a link between the children of Great Britain and Belgium, whose fathers had fought together in the war.

Another replica of the statue was bought by Sir John Bowring for the children of St. John's, Newfoundland. When that was unveiled Sir George Frampton was present and the children there soon learned to call him "Peter's Uncle," the nickname he likes. And now the president of the Victor Talking Machine Company has had Sir George make another Peter Pan for a park in Camden, New Jersey.

A LONG BEAM OF THE JUNIOR CANDLE

WHO would have thought that one day American Juniors would be sending books and magazines to the children away off on Pitcairn Island?

You may not find this island on your maps. It is just a tiny speck in the great Pacific—only two square miles of earth made of lava thrown up from the ocean floor in a volcanic explosion ages ago. Just think, if you go fast you can walk two miles in half an hour! Along about the time that Washington was being inaugurated as our first President a British ship sailed past this lonely dot on the sea, which lies a hundred miles from its nearest island neighbor. The ship was carrying young bread fruit trees from Tahiti to the West Indies, but it never reached its destination for there was trouble on board and the sailors mutinied and set their commander adrift in a small boat. Eight of the mutineers settled on Pitcairn, bringing with them some natives of Tahiti, and that is how that bit of lava became inhabited.

There are no streams on the island but there is usually enough rain and the soil is fertile. Children in hospitals in New Zealand have received oranges from the children on the Island as well as leaves of the soap tree, the seeds of which make a fine shampoo lather in water. Some months ago the New Zealand Junior magazine printed a notice asking that books and magazines in the English language be sent the British Chief Magistrate of Pitcairn Island for the sixty-two children there. In the United States the Juniors of the Junipero Serra School, of Pasadena, California, were allowed the privilege of sending them books and subscriptions to the NEWS and HIGH SCHOOL SERVICE. Maybe it was not, in one sense, such a big thing to do, but suppose you lived on a far-away island like that, wouldn't it mean a good deal when the mail came sailing in once in weeks and weeks to find something interesting in it from the outside world? Isn't it wonderful what a long reach the Junior Red Cross has?

The Tale of the Mole

Richard Dehmel

MANY thousands of years ago, when men were not yet wearing clothes, there lived in the center of the earth a Dwarf, so deep below that nobody knew of his existence. And he himself did not know anything of men, either, for he was always very busy. He was King of all the other Dwarfs and five gigantic caves had been cleaned out for him and he had grown quite old and peevish from giving orders all the time.

But it was not dark down there, and one cave was shining brighter than the others, for the Dwarfs had piled up many diamonds and opals and the walls were made of clear crystal, each of a special color. And there the King of the Dwarfs was sitting on a big green emerald stone, wrapped in a coat of black velvet, touching his pointed nose and reflecting whether everything was bright enough. But he did not find it bright enough. Not at all.

Thereupon the Dwarfs were preparing for him a sixth cave, with walls of pure rubies which glowed like big fires. And that took a thousand years. But he did not find it bright enough either. When he became more and more melancholic in his black velvet coat, they all met and the younger ones said to the older ones: "Let us build a blue cave."

For this suggestion they were almost insulted, for the older Dwarfs up to that time had not liked the blue color. But as all other colors had already been tried in the six caves, the older Dwarfs agreed at last and shook hands with the younger ones. Then they started with their work and secretly cleaned a seventh cave with walls of turquoise which were as bright and blue as the sky. And that took another thousand years.

This one really pleased the King and the oldest Dwarf, who was almost as old as the King himself, made a somersault with astonishment. Then they carried the big emerald into the new cave and the King sat down upon it and was happy to see how well the black velvet coat fitted the blue walls. After having sat there for five hundred years he found this cave was

not bright enough either and he became more and more sad, and his nose became more and more pointed.

As he sat there another five hundred years reflecting about his grief he began to get quite fat, and at last he could not stand it any longer. So he summoned the youngest Dwarfs and said to them:

"Prepare for me a cave which shows a light as if all colors were melting into one."

Even the youngest Dwarfs could not understand that and they all believed that their King had gone mad.

Thereupon he decided to leave them and to look alone for the bright light he longed for. He alighted

from his emerald, cut the black velvet coat somewhat shorter, so that his hands and feet were free, and began to dig. Now, as his Dwarfs had searched all the places below, the King believed that the light he was longing for was lying somewhere higher up, and therefore he dug upwards. And as the Dwarfs at that time had not yet invented the spade, he was obliged to use his fingers for the digging. They ached very much, for he was not accustomed to it; but he was so much longing for the light.

Three thousand years the King of the Dwarfs

spent turning up the ground, and in digging came higher and higher up. The skin round his fingers had already become quite thin, so that the little hands were peeping rosily out of the velveteen coat. But he did not yet perceive the light. Only from below out of his seventh cave some blue little point was still glittering. But above him and around everything was dark. He had also become somewhat thinner and his nose was still more pointed.

At last he considered if it were not better to return to his people, but he felt afraid that he would be dethroned and sent prisoner into an asylum. So he began working again with his rosy Dwarf's hands and dug again for three thousand years. And it grew darker and darker around him and at last the pale blue little light vanished too. When he could not see anything more he ceased turning up the ground and jumped up



The King of the Dwarfs was sitting on a big green emerald stone, wrapped in a coat of black velvet and wondering whether everything was bright enough.

trying to hit his head, because he was so unhappy.

Then of a sudden the earth broke asunder above him and he began to cry with pleasure and he closed his eyes with pains. There were so many colors above him and he had the feeling as if a thousand knives were stabbing his heart. For high up in the blue sky above the earth, much higher than he had dug, a big glittering ball was standing as bright as if all colors were melted into one and only one light was beaming.

But when he wanted to look at it again and raised his eyes he had become blind. He fell down on his brow, and he felt how weak his royal heart was and

that his black coat was growing into one with him and that he was becoming smaller and smaller and that his nose was getting more and more pointed. And suddenly he slipped back into the earth.

Since that day there are moles upon the earth and therefore they have a black velveteen coat and rosy, dwarfish hands and are blind.

And sometimes when the sun is shining very hot they turn up some mound of earth and stick their pointed noses out into the air in longing for the light.—*Reprinted from the Austrian Junior Red Cross Magazine, March, 1925.*

Where Is My Home?

Words by J. K. TYLA

Music by FR. SKROUPA



O, Homeland mine, O, Homeland mine!
Streams are rushing through thy meadows;
'Mid the rocks sigh fragrant pine groves.
Orchards 'decked in Spring's array
Scenes of Paradise portray.
And this land of wondrous beauty,
Is the Czech land, Homeland mine,
Is the Czech land, Homeland mine.

O, Homeland mine, O, Homeland mine!
In thy realms dwell, dear to God's heart,
Gentle souls in bodies stalwart.
Clear of mind, they win success;
Courage show when foes oppress.
Such the Czechs, in whom I glory,
Where the Czechs live is my home,
Where the Czechs live is my home.

(This is the national song of Bohemia, corresponding to the American hymn "My Country, 'tis of Thee." The translation is by Rev. Vincent Pisek, D. D.)



Hradcany Castle, in Prague, where in 1918 Masaryk went to live in simple style as the President of the Republic

From a Cottage to a Castle

Virginia McBryde

ALL Czechoslovakia celebrates the 5th of March, the birthday of Thomas Masaryk, the President of the Republic. And, just as we love the story of how Lincoln kept on until he rose from poverty and a log cabin home to the Presidency and the White House, so the children of Czechoslovakia love the tale of how their "Daddy" Masaryk came up from a lowly cottage and a blacksmith's forge to a great imperial castle and the leadership of an independent nation.

Thomas Masaryk was born at Hodonin, in Moravia, on one of the great estates of the Emperor of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire. Once a year the Emperor himself used to come with a crowd of princes and nobles to hunt in his forests there. They would change their clothes in the little Masaryk cottage, leaving behind them, under guard, their handsome fur coats and garments. Then the neighbors would come to peep in and see all the fine things piled up in the humble room. But even as a little boy Masaryk would not deign to look at them. Somehow, he did not like all that pomp and show.

Young Masaryk's parents were so poor that, after two years at the village school, he had to go to work. He could earn a living by helping the village blacksmith, but his parents heard that he might become apprentice to a locksmith in Vienna, which seemed to them to be work with more of a future in it. And so one midnight he was aroused by his father and told to dress at once. He was to go to Vienna with his mother.

There she left him with the locksmith, with whom he was to work for four years and learn the trade. The boy in his green "fitter's apron" stood at a machine day after day, repeating the same old process over and over again. He hated such stupid work. He was unhappy in the big city and his fellow workers made things very hard for him. He had little to eat at noon, sometimes nothing at all. But lunch time was the happiest in his day, for he would creep into a bookseller's shop

close by and read the titles on the backs of the books and imagine for himself what was written inside them. In the evenings he read the few books he had of his own. Often he would take out an atlas and find on the map the name of his village. Then tears would fill his eyes and hide the letters. One day he went to the bookseller and asked to be taken on as a clerk. But he was sharply refused. Then came the last straw: one of the boys who slept in the same room with him stole his books and sold them. Masaryk could



Thomas Garrigue Masaryk

bear no more. He went back home and became the blacksmith's helper. At the forge there was no machinery and even the horseshoe nails had to be beaten out by hand. "It was good, solid work and I liked it," said Masaryk.

One morning as he was bringing water from the village pump to the shop he met one of his former teachers. The teacher asked why it was that Masaryk was not at school, for he knew that the boy was ambitious to become a teacher. When Masaryk explained

that he could not afford to go, the teacher said that his father had a school where Masaryk could earn his board and tuition by helping with the younger boys. So, at the age of fifteen, Masaryk gave up blacksmithing and went to the school. Besides helping with the teaching he had to play the organ in church and lead the singing at funerals. Now, the funeral hymns were all in Latin, which Masaryk did not understand. So he got a priest to teach him Latin and from that he got a taste for Greek. He taught his way through a Latin school, then went on to the University of Prague and then to the University of Leipsic. There he met Charlotte Garrigue, a young American girl who had come to Leipsic to study music. When she went back to New York Masaryk

followed her and they were married. After their marriage Masaryk took Garrigue for his middle name.

Finally Masaryk became a professor at the University of Prague. At this university the students pretty much choose which professors they will go to hear lecture. In Masaryk's classroom they filled all the benches, they sat in the windows, they stood in the aisles, and some of them even stood in the hall outside. The professor lectured on philosophy, but more than anything else he taught his listeners to honor the truth. He was never afraid to stand up for what he thought was right, no matter how unpopular that made him. And sometimes he would take a stand that would make him about the most unpopular man in Prague. But he would not back down.

When the World War came, Masaryk was sentenced to death on account of his political beliefs, but he got out of the country before he was caught and went to Paris. He stayed away for several years, travelling for thousands of miles and speaking to hundreds and hundreds of audiences in Europe and America in the cause of the independence of Czechoslovakia. A part of this time he lived in Washington and was a great friend of

our President Wilson. In 1918 he became President of the new Czechoslovakian Republic and went to live in simple style in the palace on the Hradcany Hill at Prague, where once the Austrian Emperor had received in state the homage of the nobles of Bohemia.

Nobody in all Czechoslovakia is so beloved as President Masaryk. Last



The Cottage in Hodonin, Moravia, where Masaryk was born

March he was seventy-five years old and presents and letters were showered upon him from all parts of the Republic. One of the nicest of his presents came from the Juniors of Studené, a little village in the midst of the forests of Bohemia. It was a miniature model of the village, all made out of pine and larch bark. The boys carved out little cottages, the school and the church exactly like the originals, and made trees from pine, larch and alder cones. The letter with the model village said:

"By this gift our Juniors wish to indicate that the whole village of Studené is devoted and grateful to the President, and that in each cottage there are hearts that thank him for their greatest possession—Liberty."

To President Masaryk

Rose Mlada, a thirteen-year-old girl of Kladno, wrote the following poem to President Masaryk on his seventy-fifth birthday:

DEAR PRESIDENT, amid the fame
That round your old age closes,
May Fate across your daily path
Strew only roses, roses!

We wish you from our heart of hearts
Joy, happiness unending;
For you have borne so much for us
Of toil and hardship blending.

And though your head is white as snow—
In all that may betide us
May you be spared for long, long years,
To counsel, aid and guide us!



Griffin, Indiana, as it appeared less than eight months after it was totally destroyed by the great tornado of last March. The large white building at the right is the new Community Building toward which Juniors all over the country contributed.

Junior Doings Here and There

ONE Wednesday not long ago was a big day in the Lincoln School at Murphysboro, Illinois. It was special Junior Red Cross day. The children signed the Membership Roll and were presented with their buttons. Then in the afternoon the whole school assembled for exercises. Each grade took part in the program. There were two very good five-minute speeches by seventh and eighth grade boys. One boy said how much better it would have been if the Juniors had been organized before their storm. "Why, there are lots of things that those of us who were not hurt could have done for the injured children," he said. Another speaker urged that the Lincoln School show the world that they have "come back," by putting on a good, active Junior program. Still another insisted that their school show their appreciation to the children of America for what they did for them this year, by being organized and ready to help other children should any need arise. The English lesson for the eighth grade, for the next day, was to write an account of these exercises for the Murphysboro paper, which published the best one turned in.

IN Canada it is the wish of the Junior Red Cross that no crippled child shall lack the best surgical care that can be had. In four years the Canadian Juniors have secured treatment for 1,376 of their crippled comrades in the province of Saskatchewan, alone. In Alberta they support a hospital of 40 beds for their fellows. The Alberta Juniors have the permission of the government and university authorities to send sick Juniors to the Edmonton University Hospital. The government has entrusted to the Junior Red Cross the responsibility of securing in-

formation about crippled children or children who are chronically ill.

THE fourth grade of the Jackson Heights School in Tampa, Florida, recently wrote to Public School Number 188G in New York:

We have just received our JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS, and looking through it for a good story we came across your school. We would like to have you tell us about your school and city. In our room of forty, thirty joined the Juniors. We filled Christmas boxes and hope you did, too.

IN each of one of the three counties in New Brunswick, Canada, in which there is a Junior Red Cross in the eighth grade, the Lieutenant-Governor's medals for highest marks in high-school entrance examinations went to Juniors.

WHEN a Junior of New South Wales, Australia, has earned for his organization through personal effort and service the sum of £1, he is awarded an Earning Certificate. Many ways of making that pound have been thought of. One boy, for instance, grew parsley and sold it for nearly a year until he had the sum. Others have raised and sold vegetables, flowers, seedlings and packages of seeds. Bazaars and enter-

tainments of various sorts have helped swell the funds. The money is used largely for keeping up the three homes for the delicate children of ex-service men, which are the special projects of these Juniors on the other side of the world from us.

When a second pound has been earned for Junior work a red seal is added to the Earning Certificate. For £10 gained by personal



Juniors of Solanec, Moravia

service and effort an honor medal is awarded. During the last year 72 certificates were presented, 35 members had seals added, and 5 earned honor medals.

THE Bulgarian Juniors have observed a Day of Noble Deeds, on which each of them denied himself or herself some pleasure and gave the money thus saved to refugee children who needed it.

JUNIORS at Kosice, Czechoslovakia, have bound 380 volumes for their school library.

IN Yugoslavia Juniors took part in a three-day special campaign against tuberculosis. They organized meetings and paraded through the streets of the towns carrying posters published by the Anti-Tuberculosis League of the country. During the three days they pledged themselves to spend a great deal of time out-of-doors and to clean up their schools.

LAST year Juniors of Kelso, Washington, pleased the ex-service men in hospitals by sending them attractive greeting cards on St. Patrick's Day. Remember that Easter is early in April this year and that Easter cards are nice to send, too.

JUNIORS of Harrison County, Mississippi, are divided into the consolidated school group, the county rural school group, the rural separate group, and the municipal group. They held a contest for 100 per cent enrollment and for filling Christmas boxes, and banners were awarded the winners on School Day at the County Fair. Juniors were in charge of the Red Cross booth at the fair.

TUCKED away in the mountains of Slovakia is the village of Pokryvac. In the tiny school there are only twenty pupils, but every one of them is a Junior, and here are some of the things those two score Juniors have done. There were no fruit trees, so they planted ninety young trees. They also planted willows to furnish materials for basket work. They sent other schools seeds from flowers they grew themselves. Besides raising and paying their membership fees, they collected a service fund. The older girls made garments for a Red Cross health center in a nearby town. They keep

the health rules. They knit garments for poor children from wool furnished by their Junior headquarters at Prague. They have carved wooden toys and made First Aid cabinets. They are getting material to paint scenes for Junior plays. They have letters from other schools in Czechoslovakia, and are corresponding with a school in Trojir, Jugoslavia.

MISS Moseley-Williams, Junior Red Cross representative in the Southwest, writes:

"It is a common sight on the Indian reservations to see the carcass of a dead animal lying unburied. In most of the schools we have started the burying of dead animals as a Junior service. The boys wear arm bands, which are made by the girls, and, armed with picks and shovels, go cheerfully out on an undertaking job!"

THE Junior Red Cross of New York reports an enrollment of 541 schools and 819,000 members. Here are some of the many things they have done in the past year: 2,116 pairs of

glasses and 2 artificial eyes furnished to children, 2,644 toys made, 3,100 Christmas boxes sent overseas and 1,900 Christmas stockings filled for ex-service men.

SIAMESE Juniors are urged in their magazine to clean up the breeding places of mosquitoes, thus helping to fight malaria, and to kill rats, which in the Orient often carry the fleas that bite people and give them bubonic plague.

A JUNIOR Red Cross group has been organized in a reformatory school in Latvia. To become a member an applicant must have a good conduct record during a period of at least six months. Members are suspended for bad behavior.

"MONDAY morning I visited a little, isolated school," writes the Junior representative in the tornado area. "The children almost deafened me with applause when I entered the room. I had been able to secure for them some books from the very large supply sent to De Soto by the Chicago Juniors. The children were so delighted with them that there were no more lessons for the day. They spent the rest of the time reading."



Pupils of the Force and Adams Schools in Washington, D. C., who gave "Ichabod Crane" and raised \$16.50 for their Junior Fund. The play was adapted from Washington Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" by two of the pupils.

Washington Star Photo

SOME of the funds raised by Juniors all over the country went to pay for a community building at Griffin, Indiana, which less than a year ago was a mass of ruins left in the wake of the tornado. The dedication of the building was made a great occasion, with music, singing and addresses. Under the head, "Spirit of Faith Rises above Ruins of Griffin," an editorial in the Evansville Journal says in part:

Sunday will begin a new epoch for Griffin. A community house is to be dedicated just six months after a great storm leveled the town, wiping out material property and deadening the souls of those who were stricken by death and the destruction wrought. Here is the best proof that the spirit of the Master is abroad in the land, and that miracles are wrought today just as they were when He was on earth preaching the gospel of love.

IN the Blind Girls' Home in Nashville, Tennessee, the girls help support themselves by weaving rag rugs. Most of the orders are for light colored rugs made from dyed white rags, and, as these rags seemed hard to get, Nashville Juniors were asked to help. So they turned in with a will collecting white rags.

MARCH is physical inspection month for the Juniors of Jellico, Tennessee. Last year doctors and dentists gave their time and Juniors volunteered as secretaries to keep the records. It was found that nearly three-fourths of the boys and girls needed dental work and so an "O. K. Teeth" contest was started. Each one whose teeth needed attention was given a slip of paper on which there was a space for the family dentist to sign when the pupil's mouth was in good condition. A picture was offered the room that had the largest percentage of the signed slips by April 22nd. The sixth-grade girls won it.

IN the Province of Camarines Sur, Philippine Islands, the dentist's clinic was moved eleven times in a recent month, reaching small villages and primary schools. Getting things from one place to another in this mountainous province means the use of bancas (small boats), cargadores (bearers) to carry the supplies and equipment, bull carts and carretelas. Except for the renting of boats, all this service was performed by boys of the schools who made themselves responsible for getting the clinic from their school to the next one on the route. The hardships and the discomfort endured by these boys in their unaccus-

tomed task were borne willingly: first, that their neighbors might be benefited, and, second, that the Junior Service Fund might be saved expense.

THIS is Miss Upjohn's story of the calendar picture for March:

The girls who posed for this month's calendar picture were pupils in the Training School for Teachers in Budapest. Through the year, their school produces beautiful embroideries and other artistic articles to be sold at the Junior Red Cross Christmas Bazaar in Budapest. With part of their share of the profits, each of the schools sending things to the bazaar buys working materials for the coming year and uses the rest for some Junior Red Cross project chosen by themselves. The Teachers' Training School pays for a scholarship for one of the pupils who would otherwise be unable to finish her course.

Behind the school and partly surrounded by it, there is a lovely sunken garden, laid out with shade-trees and flower beds. On one side of it runs a low building in which there is a manual training school for boys.

It was there I found my model for the boy in the picture. He donned the painted leathern jacket with a mischievous grin. For a city boy in Hungary, it was as much of a joke to dress up in peasant costume as it would be for one of you to masquerade in cow-boy clothes.

It was during the recess period that I visited the school. The boys were doing the usual things in carpentry and doing them well—turning out boxes and desks and tables of excellent quality. But they also had a charming little specialty. It was a garden stake about eighteen inches high, meant for the support of some fast growing carnation or brisk young rose bush. The stakes were carved and notched in imitation of the sticks once used by the early Magyars, the ancestors of the Hungarians, for their tribal records, before they had a written language.

In one corner, by a window, a boy sat mouse-still with a towel over his shoulders, while another ran a safety razor over his head like an expert. Five or six long-haired boys stood in line waiting their turn. The razor was Junior Red Cross property and each boy paid a certain sum for a hair cut. In this way they raised funds for their Junior service chest.

SUBSCRIPTIONS to the French Junior magazine, are \$1.50, without translation. Make checks in dollars to Croix Rouge Française, Section de la Jeunesse, 52 avenue de Breteuil, Paris 7, France. The Jugoslav magazine is \$1.00 a year without translation, or \$2.00 with translation.

Make checks in dollars to the Treasurer, Red Cross Society of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, Simina 21, Beograd, Jugoslavia. You can get the New Zealand magazine by sending a check for seventy-five cents to the New Zealand Junior Red Cross, 63 Dixon Street, Wellington, New Zealand. Make checks for the Canadian magazine to Miss Jean E. Browne, Editor, and send to the Canadian Red Cross Society, 410 Sherbourne Street, Toronto.

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What Is May Day?

PERHAPS most of you who are reading this took part in May Day celebrations last year, or, if not, will take part this year. May Day for Child Health was celebrated all over this country and will be celebrated again this year on a larger scale.

May Day, as you know, was once a festival of flowers and growing things, because it marked the time when the earth and the trees began to send forth new buds and sprouts which were later to blossom and bear fruit. The new May Day celebration is a festival of children, because they are the most important flowers that we grow in our home and national garden.

This new May Day came about in this way: When Mr. Hoover, who did so much to save the children of Europe during the years of the World War, came back to America, he began to wonder how we could make American children—all of them—strong and well. He felt that with all the advantages we have in this country, American children should be the strongest children in the world.

Mr. Hoover became president of an organization called the American Child Health Association, which, like the Red Cross, wants to help people to be healthy and to find out all the things that make and keep children healthy.

They chose May Day as a time when all over the country, through plays and pageants and programs in the schools, the children should tell to the people about them the story of health, should make them see what kind of bodies they are building to live in when they grow up.

Masons and carpenters build strong houses for us to live in. No one wants to be in fear of a roof or a wall tumbling down upon him in the middle of the night. Neither does one want the body, or any part of it, to give out when one has a race to run or some important

work to accomplish. If children are to run their races and do their work when they grow up and enjoy doing it without getting sick or tired, it means that they must build upon strong foundations, starting early with all the little things, the everyday health rules—keeping clean, protecting the eyes and the teeth, eating the right things, playing out of doors. These are the small bricks and stones in the strong house of health.

May Day is a new kind of celebration. Usually holidays and festival days remind us of something that happened long ago—of heroes who are dead, or of the end of a war, or some event in the past. But May Day is a celebration of things in the future, of heroes and heroines of health who are to be. Every child who takes part in a May Day celebration this year is asked to think of the kind of person he would like to grow into—to think of a perfect, strong, happy child and to become as near like him or her as he or she can.

All the people in the country, on that day, will be thinking of children, of how to make them well and keep them well. They will think of something to do to help make a whole nation of well people, because they know that there is almost nothing that a nation physically strong

and free from handicaps cannot accomplish.

Every Junior Red Cross member is asked to enlist in the May Day army, to become a soldier of health, to keep himself well and help to keep others well, to do the little things today which help to build a firm foundation to that house he is going to live in tomorrow.

May Day is to remind you to make this your program every day in the year.

It is not a bit too early to be making plans to join in the celebration.—*American Child Health Association.*



Poster published by League of Red Cross Societies

*We all need the fresh air and sunshine,
We all need the good food to eat.
We all must have play and have study
To be fit for service today.**

* One verse of a health song composed by the children of the Indian School in San Ildefonso, New Mexico.

